Trope: Sharing A Bed (Hannigram)

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Trope: Sharing A Bed (Hannigram)

by TigerPrawn

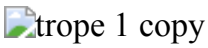
Summary

Will, Hannibal, Jimmy and Zeller are sent to Butfuck Nowhere on a case and the small hotel has messed up the booking leaving them with only 2 rooms between the 4 of them. And specifically Omega Will having to share with Hannibal, the only Alpha on the trip.

Notes

My thanks to the utterly wonderful Llewcie for the beta <3

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: [Restricted Work] by laughingtothemoon, TigerPrawn



“Are you going into heat?” Jack Crawford's tone was one of frustration and exasperation. He was one of those high achieving betas that thought they had everything figured out. Jack hadn't seemed to ever realise that he definitely didn't have everything figured out - considering he was the head of BAU and still had to get in an unstable omega to help solve crimes.

“That's not the point Jack.” Will spoke through gritted teeth. There was stoic silence on the line until he sighed and finally answered Jack's question. “No, I'm not in heat, I'm not going into heat, I'm not due to go into heat. Which is still not the point. This is not okay. You need to phone the hotel and sort this out.”

“Will, you need to suck this up and move on; this is happening whether you like it or not.”

“I'm not-”

“Will!”-- his name barked out in that no nonsense manner. “We called, the hotel screwed up, they only have those two rooms for tonight; they'll find you something else tomorrow. So your options are Lecter, Zeller or Price.”

Will grumbled something unintelligible and hung up the phone.

Jimmy had spent the whole journey out to this Hicksville town talking Will's ear off which had pretty much given him enough of Jimmy Price for one day. Zeller was a no; they seemed to rub each other up wrong a lot of the time and Will didn't want to have to deal with that for a whole evening. At least he kind of got on with Lecter, which was sort of the problem. He was the only alpha in their group, which had been shipped out to help the local authorities with what appeared to be an escalating serial killer with some interesting psychology. An interesting, successful, attractive, eligible alpha.

Will let out a groan at the ridiculousness of the situation and headed back into what passed as the small hotel’s lobby. Jimmy and Zeller looked up expectantly. Lecter was inspecting the dusty books in an antique bookcase. Will shook his head to indicate the bad news.

“Nothing Jack can do until tomorrow.”

Jimmy let out a noncommittal sigh and Zeller gave a shrug. Lecter still hadn't said or done anything. Will was about to broach the potentially sensitive subject of who would be sleeping where when Jimmy clapped Zeller on the back.

“Go grab the bags and I'll get the case notes up on the laptop so we can at least go over the evidence if we have to be close quarters.” There was a mock dramatic tone to his voice, indicating that he likely really wasn't too bothered by the situation. They shipped out to crime scenes together all the time and probably shared rooms before. Will started to feel like an idiot. Was he really the only one bothered by this?

Brian returned with a duffel and his own backpack. Jimmy picked up the laptop case at his feet and one set of the keys that the proprietor had left on the counter, then followed Zeller up the stairs.

Will thought the gulp he then swallowed was possibly loud enough for Lecter to hear because the alpha turned and gave a comforting smile. Will knew his distress was evident. He wasn't good with people, especially when forced together; it was hard to close himself off to them and that scared him - fear was the price of the imagination he'd been cursed with.

“It’s quite alright Will, I can sleep in the car.” He was already picking up his bag and Will felt terrible. The SUV provided by the FBI for this road trip from hell had been cramped and uncomfortable for hours on end; he didn't want anyone to have to sleep in it.

“No, I can't ask you to do that-”

“Nonsense, you didn't ask me, I offered. It's no trouble at all.” Lecter picked his bag up off the floor and started towards the door.

“Oh, god no, wait!” Will found the words tumbling out as he rubbed the back of his neck feeling the warmth there. He felt awkward and stupid. “It's not, um, not because you’re an alpha. I'm just… I'm not good with people, uh-”

“It's quite alright; I understand.” He gave a reassuring smile. “We’ve had enough sessions together now that I have a grasp of-” the alpha stopped short and smiled again, a warm thing. “Will, please, don't think anything of it.”

Will actually felt worse for how nice the doctor was being about it. And he felt stupid; of course he knew enough of Will to know what to expect. And he seemed like a stand up guy - prim and proper. Wasn't like he was going to try it on with him, use this to his advantage to try and get… intimate.

Will swallowed, felt his face burn and shook away the image that appeared in his head. Not wanting to spend any time delving into where that thought had come from.

“Ok well, don't expect good company, but… uh… I'm happy to share, Doctor.”

Lecter’s smile then was deep and warm. It made Will catch his breath a little, which he hoped the alpha didn't notice.

“Please Will, as we’re to share a room you should call me Hannibal.”

*

When they got to the room Will swore before he could help himself, then looked sheepishly to the Doctor. It wasn’t the dated decor or dusty smell that permeated the air. It was the fact that the only bed was a small double pushed to the wall under the window. If they shared one of them would be trapped against the wall.

Will felt his face burning with equal parts frustration and embarrassment adding up to 100% flustered. He quickly closed the door behind them for something to do and to hide away from

anyone else who might happen passed.

“Oh.” Was all Lecter said. He moved smoothly to the bed and dropped his bag onto it before looking around the room - taking it all in. His eyes didn’t even seem to pass over Will, for which the omega was incredibly grateful and felt that Lecter had probably purposely not looked at him, not wanting to make him feel even more uncomfortable than he already did. Eventually Hannibal moved to the armchair in the corner of the room and pressed down on the cushions. The frown only passed over his features for a moment before he straightened up.

“I’m happy to sleep in the chair, I’m sure I can get reception to bring up an extra blanket for me.”

Will felt mortified. He ran his hand roughly over his burning face and wished the ground would open up and swallow him. Doctor Prim-and-Proper sleeping in an armchair? How rude would he think Will was if he didn’t offer the bed instead, or say he was ok to share? If he even was, he wasn’t sure, but he didn’t want to seem like a total prick to someone like Hannibal Lecter.

“You can, uh… have the bed,” Will finally managed, letting his hand drop away from his face but not looking at Lecter directly. Instead his gaze was fixed, hard and angry, on the offending bed.

“It’s perfectly ok Will. I wouldn’t want you to feel uncomfortable. This is a rather frustrating and indelicate circumstance we have found ourselves in, and as the alpha I would only consider it correct to-”

Will did look at Lecter then, sharply, as he cut him off. “-woah, woah, what? No, no you are not pulling that shit! I’m not some kind of… precious fucking… I don’t… I can’t believe you of all people, with our sessions and everything… you would think of me like, like just some feeble omega who needs an alpha to take charge and resolve this! I’m fucking resolving this! We can share the damn bed. It’s one night, we’re both grown men, I’m pretty sure the world isn’t going to end if our feet brush together at some point!”

Will was still fuming and ready to continue his tirade but Lecter nodded and looked contrite.

“Of course Will, you’re right and I apologise. I’m more than happy to do whatever you feel comfortable with. As you say, I’m sure we can survive one night.”

*

Will had packed the whiskey in his duffel the moment Jack had called him with the news that he would be taking a road trip to Buttfuck Nowhere with a car full of eggheads. He had nothing against any of them, but being stuck with people was hard. He’d tried to sleep for some of the drive, but Jimmy kept talking to him. Then he’d pretended to sleep, and Jimmy had kept talking anyway. Will now knew more about Jimmy’s twin than he did about any member of his own family.

If he had been alone in the room he would have cracked out the bottle as soon as he closed the door; sat down with the case file and emptied half the bottle. He would just as likely have fallen asleep in the armchair, reading, than in the bed.

The smaller-than-he-even-realised bed that he was now sharing with his therapist. *Unofficial therapist*, he reminded himself as he denied the urge to push back against the body heat he could feel so close to his back. He focused instead on also denying his urge to get out of bed and take a swig straight from the bottle.

He'd had a small tumbler before they'd turned in, and offered one to Lecter, which the alpha took. They had sat for a while and drank politely, Lecter in the armchair and Will perched on the very edge of the bed. By the time some sort of sense of normality, if it could be called such a thing in this situation, returned, it was late. They had an early start and so Will had excused himself to the bathroom. He'd washed up, brushed his teeth and, after a little hesitation, stripped down to his t-shirt and boxers. He didn't own any full pajamas to bring even if he'd wanted too; what was the point when he just sweated through everything most nights?

The realisation had hit him then and he felt a little sick with nerves. He had forced himself back into the bedroom and took a breath before speaking. "Uh, we've discussed in sessions before, my dreams… my… I don't always sleep well. I just want to warn you… I might get… agitated, and sweaty."

Hannibal had been understanding. Nice. Supportive but not patronising. He'd said that Will sleeping next to the wall, hemmed in, might be comforting to him. He didn't say because an omega would find that comforting, which was a truth Will was happy not to have pointed out. But Will had agreed. And now, trapped between the cold wall and a gently breathing, warm and sweet smelling body, he did not feel comforted in the least.

He'd been close to plenty of alphas day to day. He'd fucked a few in his younger days before he realised how much trouble it all was. He'd never felt this desperate, if that was even the right word? It wasn't a sexual desperation. Though he had to admit now that he had seen the doctor's fuzzy belly exposed as Lecter's pajama top had ridden up when he'd stretched to pull back the bed covers before Will turned the light out, he was finding it hard to deny the attraction he knew had been lingering inside him for a while.

The desperation went with that deeper feeling of expectation that weighed on all omegas - *when are you going to find a mate? When are you going to be bonded? When are you going to start having children?* Always multiples of children of course. It wasn't that he didn't necessarily want all those things, but he was a career omega and it just wasn't something that was a priority for him. And nothing had changed that, not even sleeping next to Doctor Hannibal Lecter. Not mentally at least, but on a physical level… he just wanted to roll back into the man and be spooned. He'd already had to stop himself twice and his muscles were tense and his mouth dry. He didn't dare let himself fall asleep.

He shifted in the bed gently so he could crane his neck to look over at the digital clock on the dresser across the room. Nearly 3am.

He wanted to cry with frustration. His whole body ached and he would have to suffer this exhaustion through working a case and then another trip back in that damn SUV when this was all done. He'd have to endure non-stop chatter from Jimmy, the frostiness of Zeller and Hannibal fucking Lecter and his perfect fucking cheekbones.

Will let out an involuntary huff and clamped a hand over his mouth, which probably caused more noise than the expulsion of air. He held so still for a minute that the aches in his muscles turned into agonising pains. But Lecter didn't seem to stir.

Will softly moved on the bed again, pressing himself as far into the wall as he could possibly go, squeezing his eyes tight shut and trying to think of anything but the earthy, grounding scent that was coming from the alpha.

*

Will woke with a smile.

He didn't know when he had last slept so soundly or woke feeling so refreshed and loose. His whole body felt like it had melted into the bed. Even the dull ache of an almost gone trapped nerve in his neck from a recent fishing trip had eased.

Maybe it was the mattress? He'd have to ask for the details of where the hotel bought such things.

It wasn't until Will yawned and started to stretch that he remembered he was sharing a bed with his unofficial psychiatrist. He started to remember the aches and pains he had aggravated in the night over the situation, as Lecter stirred against him. Against his back.

Will was being spooned by Hannibal Lecter.

He was struck by the simultaneous desires to jump from the bed and to purr and push back. He did neither. Instead stiffening as he felt Lecter move again as he was clearly beginning to wake up. It was at this point that Will realised his head was cradled in the alpha's arm, whose other hand was resting on Will's hip. It was that hand that snaked up as the doctor woke. Snaked up and somehow *under* Will's night shirt, which must have been hitched up slightly to allow the natural movement.

Lecter let out a soft murmur of sleepy contentment as he nuzzled into the nape of Will's neck. He pressed his hand gently on Will's chest until there was no space left between their bodies and Will felt the morning hardness of the doctor's cock slotting perfectly along the crack of his ass.

Will went even more rigid than he had been before, his heart thudding in his chest and his skin burning with the flush of embarrassment.

Lecter must have realised then because he stilled and joined will in a game of statues.

"Will?" Will wasn't sure if he was asking if it was him in the bed, or enquiring as to what the hell was going on. Unsure of anything at all Will could only reply -

“Doctor Lecter?” His tone came out a little sharper than he had intended. Regardless, he could not have imagined the shiver he felt pass through Lecter at his name on Will’s lips. Or maybe that was just wishful thinking.

Thinking! Just thinking. Not wishing. Goddamn!

“I think I should apologise Will, I didn’t mean to infringe on your personal space.” Words spoken into his neck.

“Hey, no. It’s ok. I mean, I don’t really remember what happened. I probably rolled back into you in my sleep. No biggy…” Will trailed off, unable to keep up the light and breezy, everything-is-completely-fine tone, when the opposite of ‘no biggy’ was pressing hard against his ass.

He was sure he wasn’t imagining Hannibal’s breath shake a little as he exhaled against his nape. He had to contain a shudder as the air raised the little hairs on his skin.

“Perhaps I should start getting ready; we will be are meeting with the local authorities…” Lecter trailed off and Will felt the man’s cock twitch against him. “I’m sorry Will… I…”

“Um, it’s ok… morning wood, right?” Will tried to let out a light chuckle but was sure it sounded more like he was being strangled. Which was at least more reflective of his feelings.

The doctor shifted slightly again and Will felt his own cock stir in response. It didn’t help that at that moment, he also splayed his previously still, but too warm hand, against Will’s chest.

And that was when Will let out a high sound that was somewhere between a moan and a whine. He felt his face and neck and chest burn as his skin flushed, made worse by knowing Lecter could probably feel his heated skin under his hand. He just wanted the ground to open up and swallow him. What a fucking idiot he was making of himself.

“It’s not… I’m not reacting to you being an alpha…” Will realised how the words sounded and groaned. “Oh god. Fuck, I just…” Will moved so that he could bring his hand up and roughly scrub at his face with it, as though that would disperse his blush. Instead it meant that his body arched ever so slightly back against the doctor.

“I understand Will.” The words were practically growled against the back of his neck, causing him to shiver. “You’re not… I don’t think of you as that omegan stereotype, I have a great deal of… I have…”

As the words trailed off, Will was sure Lecter’s breath was ever closer to his skin. With the last word he was proved right as lips grazed the back of his neck and his breath hitched in response.

“Wait!” The word jumped from Will’s mouth as he felt the press of lips on his skin. They both froze. Except their heaving breaths that were not quite in time with each other.

His mind was reeling. What were they doing? His imagination kicked in and raced ahead, picturing what might happen next, what could happen next. He could almost feel Lecter’s

hands and mouth on him, he could imagine his knot and how good it would feel inside him.

Will was immediately flustered. He didn't quite register his own hand taking hold of Lecter's and moving it from his chest down to his now aching cock. They groaned in unison as the doctor's hand cupped him, fondled him gently. A moment later the alpha was grinding against him and Will wondered if Lecter could feel through their thin clothing how wet he was becoming.

He arched back further and practically purred as Lecter nuzzled into his neck, just at his scent gland there, right where a bonding bite would be made. Will's cock strained at the thought. Lecter began to mouth at his neck, sucking kisses into the skin, as he slid his hand beneath the waistband and started to work Will's cock with slow, steady strokes.

Will was so wet he couldn't help but imagine that Lecter's cock could just slide right into him at this point with neither of them having to make much effort at all. And he wanted that. God did he want that! It was true Lecter was the perfect alpha and amazingly still unbonded; even so Will had tried to deny his growing feelings for the man as nothing more than his ridiculous omegan biology.

He reconsidered this now. He knew that he had just been hiding from the scary truth, that he had been falling for the alpha. All it took for him to admit it to himself was a hot hand on his willing cock.

Will groaned. He wanted more. He wanted everything. He was already so close. He wanted to cum, he wanted to make the doctor cum. He wanted the doctor to cum all over him so he stank of the man for a week. Damn denying his omegan nature, he wanted to revel in it and make clear his claim to the alpha. He wanted to be knotted over and over until they both had no cum left to spill. His head was crowded with the imagery of it all, his skin over-sensitive to the touch. Will's breath hitched again.

"Oh, Doctor Lecter…" he let out the breath on a groan.

He barely had chance to catch another breath when he found himself easily maneuvered onto his back. Lecter suddenly on top of him, their bodies pressed together. The doctor's still confined cock rubbing against his own that now peaked from his boxers. Will moaned again and craned his neck, moving up to try and steal a kiss. He was denied with a wicked grin before Lecter moved swiftly down, pulling his boxers lower as he went, exposing Will completely.

Will could no longer breathe at all as Lecter's hot, wet, mouth slid onto his cock. He was already so close, so very painfully close that the sound he omitted then was a high whine, almost in warning to the alpha. He could feel, actually feel, Lecter's mouth curve as he smiled around his cock.

Lecter's hand worked quickly then, ripping Will's underwear off completely - the sound of the tearing mixing with their moans and gasps. Two more long sucks and Will's dick audibly popped from the doctor's mouth. Before he could even question it, Will found his hips being lifted - pleasantly manhandled.

He cried out with surprise and ecstasy as Lecter's mouth was then on him again, his tongue dipping into slick and pushing into him. Will arched and clutched the bedsheets in his fists as the alpha fucked him with his tongue until he was no more than a writhing mess.

When the doctor added two fingers, curving them around and easily finding Will's prostate, the omega cried out and came, ropes of hot cum spurting up his body. Lecter removed his fingers but not his tongue as he licked and sucked through Will's orgasm and come down. He continued to lap at his hole until he had licked up all the slick he could find there.

Lecter moved back up Will's body, pressing them together so that the cum squished between them, not so prim and proper at all. The thought was tantalising.

The alpha finally allowed Will a kiss. A taste. Will groaned as he tasted himself on Lecter's tongue. He'd never had an alpha take care of him like that before, he'd never felt so turned on before. His imagination raced forward - work forgotten as they stripped their remaining clothes and explored each other's bodies. Hours of pleasure and teasing before the doctor would finally knot him and he would cum harder than he had in his life.

He let the thoughts go as he sank deeper into the kiss, into the now. Breathless as their mouths slid easily and languidly together. It was minutes before Lecter pulled back enough to nibble at Will's lips and then back further to look into Will's eyes.

Will was enraptured by the gaze, seeing there so many emotions he had not realised before. The doctor wanted him, badly, in every way an alpha could want an omega. And Will found he liked it. He smiled and received a wicked, lopsided grin in return.

"I really do think you ought to call me Hannibal."

*

Hannibal Lecter did not consider himself conceited, because he did not consider it conceited to acknowledge and self-congratulate on a job well done. He considered himself shrewd and perhaps more intelligent than most. He considered himself a man who knew what he wanted and how to get it.

And he had wanted Will Graham.

Their compatibility could not be denied. And despite Will's surface appearance and surly demeanour, their inner demons aligned perfectly. So perfectly that Hannibal had been interested in an omega for the first time in his life. Interested, and then consumed, by the idea of finding such a compatible mate at his side. He knew Will would feel the same once he let his guard down and allowed himself to experience those feelings that no doubt reflected Hannibal's own. And then he could help Will Graham realise his true self, he could be there for his becoming.

Shrewd and intelligent. And possessing enough money to book out all but the last two remaining rooms in the small hotel. After all, sometimes even true love needed a little push in the right direction.

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